

This is what makes us girls by heramew

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Summary:

Hawkins is a pretty small town. Who do you think taught Karen how to pick a lock?

1. 1961

Author's Note:

This is what makes us girls
We don't look for heaven and we put our love first
Somethin' that we'd die for it's a curse
Don't cry about it, don't cry about it
- Lana del Rey, This is what makes us girls

1961

"Hey hey! Stop running like this you're making me dizzy!"

Karen pleaded, panting as her friend finally stopped and let go of her hand.

"Shhhh! They'll know we're here if you don't keep quiet!"

The brunette nodded and tried to catch her breath while Connie checked the hallway.

"Clear. Let's go!"

Both girls ran to the last door and the blonde shook the handle.

"Shit they've closed it!"

"Oooh! What are we gonna do!? What are we gonna do!?"

Karen began to panick, but was quickly silenced by her friend.

"Quiet Karen! Let me show you something."

Connie picked up a hairpin from her blond curls and slid it inside the lock.

"Okay, so once it's in, you push it till you hear a 'clit', then you

counterbalance it while turning to the left."

Connie's dextrous fingers twitched and the door opened. The two girls immediately made their way in and closed it behind them.

"We made it! *You* made it!"

The blonde smiled.

"Told you they still had middle-school dorms!"

Karen and her sat on the floor.

"How woaw, are you planning on becoming a spy, or working for the FBI? Anyways why do they keep it closed like that? Is there something wrong about these dorms? Are they like, haunted or something?"

Connie laughed.

"No! They're not! It's just like... a cool place to hang out..."

"So you've been there before?"

"Yeah, I've always been curious about what was behind that door. And picking the lock wasn't hard. It's a nice place to go when..."

"Yes?"

Karen asked.

"Nevermind."

"No, go ahead, tell me."

Connie sighed and studied her friend. Saying they didn't look alike would have been more than obvious. They were the total opposite of each other.

"Well, I come here often to... avoid people..."

"Oh."

Karen bit her bottom lip.

"I know it'll sound pretty pathetic, but before you came here, I didn't really have any friends."

"Well you have at least one now!"

Connie gave her a bittersweet smile.

"Don't be silly. Look at you, you've been here for a month, all the way from New-York, and everybody wants to be your friend."

"But what if you're the one I want?"

"Then you're being stupid. Look at you, so pretty and elegant, then look at me. I'm just a skag with no friends. And have you seen how the boys look at you in the hallways?"

"I don't care, I think you're very pretty too

I don't want boys to look at me!"

Connie smiled.

"Wait until we turn sixteen in two years, you'll change your mind!"

"No..."

Karen shook her head. They both remained silent.

"You know Connie, I think you don't have friends because you keep rejecting them. You're so smart, and kind, and caring. You just need to learn to trust people."

"I trust you."

"Do you?"

"Yeah."

Karen moved closer to her.

"Then close your eyes."

Connie did as she was told and jumped when she felt her friend's mouth on hers. Karen's lips were incredibly soft and felt like honey, exactly how Connie had pictured it would be like.

The blonde eventually broke the kiss.

"I...I thought only boys could do that to girls."

Karen smiled and shrugged.

"There's is no rule for that. The only one is that you have to trust the other person. Do you still trust me Connie?"

The blonde felt her cheeks turning red and an incredible warmth blazing through her skin. She smiled back at Karen and placed her hand on hers.

"I do, and I always will."

2. 1968

1968

"Because they have exchanged their vows before God and these witnesses, have pledged their commitment each to the other, and have declared the same by joining hands and by exchanging rings, I now pronounce that they are husband and wife.

Those whom God hath joined together, let no one put asunder.
You may now kiss the bride."

Connie took a long sip of her champagne as the newlyweds shared a kiss.

Later, she managed to escape the crowded reception hall and made her way to the balcony, a cigarette between her lips.

The night was colder than she expected, but Connie closed the windows behind her and lit up her cigarette. She sat down on the wooden bench, watching the stars above her head.

Twenty-one years spent in Hawkins, and now that she was about to graduate, Connie was feeling unsure for the first time. She had always known what she wanted, had always planned every aspect of her life and had always trusted her logic. Seeing Karen getting married while she was still in school had been a serious shock. The two girls had slowly drifted away after high-school, when Connie started college and Karen preferred a simple job at the local restaurant.

"I'm so glad you came."

Connie jumped and almost dropped her cigarette.

"It means a lot to me."

She turned around and spotted Karen on the other balcony. The blonde stood up and leant on the cold edge.

"Well, I was not going to miss your wedding."

Karen smiled through the night. She looked incredibly stunning in her white, immaculate dress. Once again, Connie felt impossibly dull in comparison, her blue dress barely holding to her slender waist and failing to reveal the timid curve of her breast.

"Mind if I join you?"

The brunette asked. Connie nodded. A few seconds later, Karen was sitting on the bench next to her friend.

"I've missed you Connie."

She said, putting her hand on hers. The blonde smiled.

"Me too."

Karen nodded towards the cigarette.

"Can I take a drag?"

"Sure."

The bride brought Connie's fingers against her lips and inhaled slowly.

"Ted doesn't like to see me smoking..."

"Ted?"

"My husband."

Connie laughed, slightly embarrassed.

"I think I knew that... sorry Karen."

She exhaled the smoke and let her head resting on Connie's shoulder.

"No problem."

They both remained silent until Karen spoke again.

"I bet you didn't expect me to get married so soon, did you?"

The blonde squeezed Karen's hand.

"Not really to be fair."

"I'm pregnant."

Connie said nothing and took a drag of her cigarette. Karen carried on:

"Everything happened so fast. It's crazy just thinking that only three years ago, we were making plans to leave Hawkins, and now, I'm stuck here forever..."

Karen's voice broke at the end of her sentence.

"I envy you so much Connie, you're free to go anywhere."

The blonde pursed her lips.

"No really, I've never felt so lost and lonely in my whole life..."

This time, it was Karen who remained silent. Connie took a last drag and threw her cigarette on the ground before crushing it under her foot. But before she could speak again, Karen grabbed her hand and squeezed it.

"Connie, I won't leave you alone, I promise. I'm sorry about this whole wedding thing. I think I made a mistake but I didn't have much choice..."

"It's okay Karen, you don't have to promise me anything. You have a loving husband who-"

"Ah stop. The only thing Ted is capable of liking is his stupid car. Oh God! You have to see the bridal suite, it's so ugly. I bet every married couple in Hawkins had to spend the night in there! Come, I'll show you!"

Connie stood up and Karen grabbed her hand, leading her to the third floor where the *bridal suite* was set and ready for the wedding night.

"Oh God!" Connie laughed as they entered the room. "It looks like everything but a bridal suite!"

Karen smiled.

"That's fine, I look like everything but a bride."

"Don't say that Karen! You are stunning. Like always."

"And have you seen yourself? This blue dress is so pretty!"

Karen moved closer to her and slid her hands behind Connie's back, hugging her in a tight embrace.

"I've missed you so, so much..."

She said again, her hands travelling up and down against her back.

"Connie?"

"Mmm?"

"Do you still trust me?"

"Of course. Why?"

Karen didn't answer. She kissed her friend until she parted her lips and let her tongue slide inside her mouth, making Connie moan.

"My my..." She smirked "And you're the married one!"

"Shut up..."

Karen giggled in response before pushing her on the wide bed and drew Connie's sleeves away from her shoulders, revealing her pale cleavage while her other hand disappeared between her legs and reached for her knickers. As much as Connie wanted to, she didn't touch Karen's dress. She avoided her impeccable hair and make-up to go directly for her neck. The brunette moaned in pleasure against

Connie's ear before slowly kneeling in front of her friend. She then pulled her knickers down to her ankles and tossed them on the floor.

"Karen..."

Connie moaned as she felt the bride's lips on her inner-thigh.

"Mmmmm?"

"I...I don't want you to ruin your make-up for me..."

She heard Karen laughing between her legs.

"As if you were! God Connie, I want you so bad, you've got no idea!"

Connie blushed and smiled but her friend didn't notice, too busy pressing kisses against her core. Karen's tongue slid inside, welcomed by the velvety muscles of her cunt.

"I -"

Connie started again, but the other woman pressed her hand against her stomach, silencing her.

"Don't talk..." she murmured "just feel."

She felt Karen rubbing her slick centre over the tops of her thighs and the thought of what was to come sent a thrilling wave of pleasure through her whole body. Connie moaned at the sensation and pushed her hips up, seeking a firmer contact.

"Jesus!"

She exclaimed as the bride ran her thumb over her clit. She raised one leg and bent her knee giving her better access.

"Do you like that?"

Karen asked, resting her cheek against Connie's thigh.

"Oh God! Oh yes!"

The blonde panted, her breath coming in short gasps.

"Then I'll bet you like this too..."

The bride said as she entered her, pushing two long fingers deep inside of her.

"Oh my! Oh my! Oh yes!"

Connie gasped as Karen brought her fingers nearer to her entrance and began searching for the right spot. The blonde pushed up hard against her, groaning.

"Connie...."

She caressed the sensitive skin inside and brought her thumb back on her clit. Connie was mindless, the pleasure was taking over her brain, seeping in every nerve, every inch of her body, until she finally found herself rearing off the bed, scream for her release.

Karen stayed with her, pressing kisses between the thighs until her friend begged her to stop, collapsing into an exhausted heap as she shuddered one last time.

"You okay?"

The brunette finally asked. Connie smiled, raising herself on her elbows.

"Thank you so much Karen... That was ... extraordinary..."

The bride giggled and wiped her fingers directly on the bedsheets.

"Do you have any idea of how cheesy you sound like?"

Connie laughed and moved towards her friend, capturing her lips for a deep kiss.

"So... Do you want me to return the favour?"

Her hands were wandering all over Karen's dress but the bride caught her wrists.

"As much as I want to put to work that lovely mouth of yours, I'm

afraid we won't have time today..."

Reality hit Connie right in the throat.

"Oh. Yes. I'm sorry I -"

"Everything's fine darling. Let's just head back downstairs and pretend nothing happened."

"Yes I... Okay"

The blonde said as she stood up to rearrange her dress and hair. She caught a quick glimpse of herself in the mirror and sighed as she discovered that her make-up had gone.

But Karen didn't fail to notice the sad look on her friends face.

"Hey I was thinking... maybe you'd like me to do your make-up?"

Connie smiled.

"Yes, I would love that."

3. 1971

1971

"Connie?"

"Hi Karen."

The two women stared at each other for a few seconds. Both had changed so much in three years.

"I...I wasn't expecting you..."

The blonde smiled.

"I know, I ... I was driving by and I thought I could stop to say hi."

"Well come on in then, it's lovely to see you!"

Karen said, opening the door wider for Connie. She was holding Nancy on her hip, an arm slid under her tiny legs to keep her in place.

"Nance darling, would you please say hello."

The little girl mumbled something before hiding her face against her mother's shoulder.

"She's a bit shy. And tired. I'll just put her to sleep, you can wait in the kitchen."

Karen said as she disappeared upstairs. Connie wandered in the living room while her friend was busy with her daughter. The house was incredibly tidy, cosy and clean. Connie's stomach twitched when she spotted the various framed pictures of the *Wheeler Family*. Ted with Karen, Ted with Nancy, Ted with Karen and Nancy. She sighed and made her way to the kitchen.

A few minutes after, Karen joined her.

"Sorry it took longer than expected!"

The blonde smiled.

"It's no problem, really."

"Do you want to drink something? Tea? Coffee? Cocoa?"

"Coffee please. Black."

"It's crazy isn't it? How quick time flies?"

Karen said as she set two cups on the table. Connie nodded and took a sip of her coffee.

"Did I tell you I was pregnant again?"

"Are you? Congratulations then!"

"Thanks Connie."

"How's Nancy?"

"Oh she's doing great. I still have some troubles having her finish her meals, but the doctor said it's wasn't a big deal."

"Nice"

The blonde said, taking another sip.

"And you? How are you doing? I haven't seen you in months!"

"I'm sorry I didn't give you any news... I was looking for a job."

"...And?"

"And I found one. Remember the big facility they were building when we were kids?"

"The energy thing?"

"Yes, department of energy."

"That's great news Connie!"

"Well... yes."

Karen frowned.

"Is there something wrong?"

"Nothing, I'm just ... preoccupied."

"Does it have something to do with the job?"

Connie nodded.

"They've offered me a very good, very well-paid position. I'll be able to pay back my tuition fees and my mother's medical bills."

"But?"

Karen asked, fearing what her friend was about to say

"I won't have the right to maintain friendships, or even to spend time with the outside world. This isn't only about the department of energy, it's a whole military thing. I don't know what to do..."

The brunette shook her head and frowned.

"So they're asking you to keep your mouth shut about what they do in there?"

"Precisely"

"But Jesus what in the department of energy could be worth buying your silence? It's not like you're going to put them at risk showing me some coal?"

"It's not only about coal... I think they do something else in there, but they won't tell me unless I sign a non-disclosure form. And if I do so, I won't be able to talk to you again."

"Woaw..."

Karen muttered, sitting back on her chair.

"I'm sorry Karen... and they're insisting so much. They said they were usually not looking for Hawkins natives but they would make an exception for me because of my skills."

Connie sighed. They both remained silent, slowly sipping their beverages and avoiding each other's look.

Finally, Karen decided to speak again.

"So you came here to say goodbye?"

The blonde bit her lips and looked away.

"I...I don't know what to do. I really need that job and there isn't that many offers around here. I didn't want to leave and ... and now it's even worse because I'll get to see you without being able to talk to you..."

"It's okay Connie, we'll get through this. We'll find our way."

The blonde considered her friend for a while. Karen had changed so much in the past three years, getting married and giving birth. She sounded incredibly calm and collected and for once, it seemed she was the one who knew what was best for both. Connie nodded.

"I'm so sorry Karen... I won't even be able to call you."

She smiled and put a hand on her shoulder.

"You're smarter than them. You know you are. We can write to each other if they don't check your mail, we can set up secret meeting away from the city, we can -"

Karen was suddenly interrupted by a hungry mouth pressed against hers. She cupped her friend's chin and smiled.

"It's okay Connie, that too."

The other woman shook her head.

"I'm not sure if you're aware of what they're capable of..."

"It doesn't matter. Go home and accept the job. We'll find our way, I promise you."

After a series of kisses, the two women reluctantly pulled away from each other.

"Ted should be here soon..."

Connie nodded and, with a last goodbye kiss, left the Wheeler house.

That night, she cried like she never had in the past, alone in her cold bed, cuddling her own sheets, but the next morning, she drove to Hawkins laboratories and signed the damn paper.

Her new life was about to begin.

Notes for the Chapter:

Thanks for reading!!

Next chapter is probably going to take like forever because I have a lot of work :(

Author's Note:

First part of a 5 chapters fic! I hope I'll have the time and the motivation to finish it ♥